

veritable shepherds—the fevered life of a gold-digger being succeeded by the repose of the silent plains. Life in these vast solitudes has in it, for many, an inexpressible charm. The shepherd rises just before the sun, and after making a breakfast that would be a substantial dinner to an agricultural labourer, he follows the sheep all day, just keeping them in sight, letting them wander wherever they please, except into the thick scrub; at noon he directs them towards water, where they camp or lie still in the shade. As evening closes in he turns his flock homewards, and arrives at his hut just as the sun is sinking below the horizon. If he has a kuteeper, or an assistant, his work is done for the day, and he may attend to the little garden which he has fenced in from the wilderness, or prepare the evening meal. If the dogs are good, no special attendance is required before midnight, when a watchman takes his seat in a box beside the sheep. We have heard of a young Oxford undergraduate, who, under the pressure of family difficulties, struck out his own path to independence, and now has the management of 3,000 sheep in one of the remotest stations of Australia. He kills and cooks his own mutton, saves nearly the whole of his salary, and lives in plenty and content. The love of literature, which he has carried with him from the university, cheers his days and nights, and an occasional newspaper, and the regular packet of letters from home, are read by the light of a tallow lamp with a zest that only a “gentle shepherd” in the Australian wilds can know. Many of the great grazier lords of Australia, the owners of seventy or a hundred square miles of pasture, and the proprietors of hundreds of horses, thousands of bullocks, and tens of thousands of sheep, lived formerly in a state almost as barbarous as civilised man could sink to—“Ancient Britons,” as was once said of them, “in everything but paint.” There are now many squatter families of superior education, who, emulous of the old country, have their orchards, plantations, and ornamental gardens, and are setting a good example to such of the shepherd lords as remain in their bachelor condition, and consequently retain many of those uncivilised habits which a long residence in the bush is too apt to engender.—*Quarterly Review*.

SUCCESSFUL MODE OF EXTIRPATING RATS.—A correspondent of the *North British Agriculturist*, after trying the various nostrums of vermin killers, and attempting

to shoot the rats, found all unavailing, the vermin kept increasing in number and audacity. He observes:

“Such was my distress with rats in the spring of 1858, when, happening to pay one of my neighbouring farmers a visit, I mentioned how I was nearly overpowered with the vermin, when he recommended me to try cats; but having had always one or two about the house, I was led to think that the prodigious number of rats prevented their making any impression. But this was a mistake. My friend offered me a cat with two young ones, which I accepted, and sent for them next day. I made their crib in the granary, and got the carpenter to make circular holes in every door on the premises, sufficient to admit a cat; there was thus a free passage through the whole stabling. I gave strict injunctions to the dairy-maid to feed the cats regularly and well; for I found that a cat, realising the feelings of a true sportsman, kills more for the pleasure of the chase than the luxurious enjoyment of the game. The result was, that in the beginning of 1859 my place was perfectly clear of rats. The cats having increased to seven or eight, that number I still keep up, and feeding them only at the stabling, and for the last twelve months no rat has been seen.

ATTACHMENT BETWEEN THE DOG AND THE CAT.—The attachment of the dog and the cat is sometimes curiously manifested. In a large metropolitan household there had been a change of servants, and the new cook begged as a favour to be permitted the company of her dog. Permission was granted, and the dog took up his quarters in the kitchen, to the infinite disgust of the cat, who thought her dignity insulted by the introduction of a stranger into her own special domain. In process of time, however, she got over her dislike, and the two animals became fast friends. At last the cook left the family, and took away her dog with her. After an absence of some length, she determined on paying a visit to her former companions, her dog accompanying her as usual. Pussy was in the room when the dog entered, and flew forward to greet him. She then ran out of the room, and shortly returned, bearing in her mouth her own dinner. This she laid before her old friend, and actually stood beside him while he ate the food with which she so hospitably entertained him. This anecdote was related to me by the owner of the cat.—*Routledge's Illustrated Natural History*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood.